



"THE PATH OF DUTY."

"IS THE PATH OF SAFETY."

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## WOODVILLE REPUBLICAN

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## POETRY.



### "REQUIESCAT."

[The following stanzas were translated from the German of Freiligrath, by Mary Howitt. They will command the respect and secure the homage of every lover of genuine poetry. We do not know when we have before read so beautiful a poem.]—*Vicksburg Whig.*  
Who'er compels the earth to flourish;  
Or reaps the golden harvest fields,  
A wife and little ones to nourish;  
Whoever guides the laden bark;  
Or, where the mazy wheels are turning,  
Toils at the loom till after dark,  
Food for his white-haired children earning;  
To him be honor and renown!  
Honor to handicraft and tillage;  
To every sweat-drop falling down,  
In crowded mills or lonesome village!  
All honor to the plodding swain  
Who holds the plough! Be't too awarded  
To him who toils with soul and brain,  
And starves! Pass him not unregarded;

Whether in chamber close and small,  
Mid musty tomes he fancies smothered;  
Or of the trade the bandaged thrall,  
He dramas writes and songs for others;  
Or whether he for wretched pay,  
Translates the trash which he despises;  
Or, learning's self, puts day to day,  
Dunce-corpses though classic exercises;  
He, also, is a prey to care;  
To him, 'tis said, "Starve thou or borrow."  
Grey grows betimes his raven hair,  
And to the grave pursues him sorrow;  
With hard compulsion and with need,  
He, like the rest, must strive untiring;  
And his young children's cry for bread  
Mains his free spirit's glad aspiring.

Al! such a one to me was known,  
With heavenward aim his course ascending;  
Yet deep in dust and darkness prone,  
Care, sordid care, his life attending.  
An exile, and with bleeding breast  
He groaned in his severest trial;  
Want goaded him to long unrest,  
And scourged him to bitter self-denial.

Thus, heart-sick, wrote he line on line,  
With hollow-cheek and eye of sadness;  
Whilst hyacinth and leafy vine  
Were fluttering in the morning's gladness,  
The thrush sang, and nightingale,  
The soaring lark hymned joy unending,  
Whilst thought's day-laborer, worn and pale,  
Over his weary book was bending.

Yes, though his heart sent forth a cry,  
Still strove he for the great ideal;  
"For this," says he, "is poetry,  
And human life this fiery ordeal."  
And when his courage left him quite,  
One thought kept his heart alive in;  
"I have preserved my honor bright  
And for my dear ones I am striving."

At length his spirit was subdued;  
The power to combat and endeavor  
Was gone, and his heroic mood  
Came on fitfully like a fever.  
The Muse's kiss, sometimes at night,  
Would set his pulses wildly beating;  
And his high soul soared towards the light,  
When night from morning was retreating.

He long has lain the turf beneath,  
The wild winds thro' the grass are sighing;  
No stone is there, no mourning wreath,  
To mark the spot where he is lying.  
Their faces swollen with weeping, forth  
His wife and children went—God save them!  
Young paupers, heir to naught on earth,  
Save the pure name their father gave them.

To toil, all honor and renown!  
Honor to the handicraft and tillage;  
To every sweat-drop falling down,  
In crowded mills and lonely village!  
All honor to the plodding swain  
That holds the plough! Be it too awarded  
To him who works with soul and brain,  
And starves! Pass him not unregarded.

## WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED TO-DAY?

BY M. G. SLEEPER.

The clear, sweet harmony of the great choral hymn filled all the courts of heaven. The spirits went and came on their love-fraught errands, but when the voice of one died in the distance, other tones came from afar, and other angels rejoined the mighty choir. One of them was commissioned to our earth, but he sang on until the sun dipped below the wave, and the twilight glided past, scattering her manifold, soft shadows.

As the stillness deepened, he left his place in the heavenly band. More than once he paused in his flight. More and more slowly he approached the earth, as if reluctant to commence his task.

"Obedience," murmured he, at length. "What if some reject my warning? What if some scorn my reproof? Did not men hate my Master? and am I better than He?"

So with his one question of deep significance, he passed on. Noiseless, invisible, yet everywhere recognized and understood, he found no obstacle to his viewless course. The barred cell of the criminal and the palaces of the kings, and the consecrated temple, the throng and the solitude, were alike free to his footsteps.

He entered a gorgeous mansion and asked of its princely owner.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"

The young man laughed lightly, as he replied.

"In the field of my own pleasure. Am I not master of myself?"

The angel bent over a little child, and whispered.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" and the child answered.

"I have been among the flowers. I made garlands of the sweet-scented valley-lily, and the honeysuckle that the bee loves so well; and I thanked the great Father that he made them grow and blossom."

The angel entered the chamber of a maiden who sat looking out at the moonlight, and asked softly.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"

"Among the sick and the sorrowing," answered she gladly; for our Saviour has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The angel stood in the wilderness, and asked sternly there of one hiding gold and jewels.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"

The man answered with a frown.

"In the field of theft; get away with thy boding voice, threatening the vengeance of the Eternal! Away! away!"

The angel paused amidst the graves, and asked of a bereaved mother.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"

And the lone one answered.

"In the field of prayer, and, behold! even now have I received a blessing. Already is my mourning turned to joy."

A scholar sat in a vast library amidst the gathered lore of departed centuries. But the verse of the poet, and the wisdom of the sage were forgotten in the intense interest awakened by the volume of divine truth. The angel looked a moment on his damp brow and anxious eye, then gently whispered.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"

The scholar sighed deeply, and said.

"In the field of endeavor, but alas! I cannot understand how man can be saved."

The heavenly visitant lingered yet awhile, for he knew the Holy Spirit had been there, and that he would not fail to perfect his work.

The scholar wept and prayed, and soon the book glowed to him with light, and he exclaimed rapturously, "God hath given his salvation also unto me!"

Quickly the swift pinions of the angel beat the air, and rejoicing the heavenly host, he proclaimed the glad tidings of the return of another soul. The countless multitude responded again, and yet again, and these were the words of the chorus, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever."

IMPORTANCE OF BEING ABLE TO DESPISE RIDICULE.—I know of no principle which is more important to fix in the minds of young people than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachment of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every trifling question of manner and appearance: it is to toss courage and firmness to the wind, to combat with the mass upon such subjects as these. But learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant dread of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear—do it, not for insolence but seriously and grandly—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel that you are firm; resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect, and no after time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.—*Sydney Smith.*

Luther once said, "Next to theology I give place to music, for thereby anger is forgotten and the devil is driven away."

## THOROUGH DRAINING.

We find in the Southern Cultivator the following article. We wish that our friends would occasionally favor us with their views upon agricultural subjects. Nothing could afford us more pleasure than to publish such:

Mr. Editor: I am glad to see that the subject of *Thorough Draining* receives such frequent and emphatic attention in the Cultivator, and certainly not more than it deserves, as it is at the very foundation of a successful cultivation of the soil in any latitude of the United States, this side of New Mexico.

Repeated and discouraging failures in the growth of both Corn and Cotton, on certain pieces of land, induced in me solicited reflection on the subject. I wished to avoid the obstruction of open ditches, and still to carry off readily the water oozing from feeble, but constant springs at the foot of hills, and in small basins. Neither draining tiles nor rock could be had, and would have been too costly, if attainable. I resorted to the forest, selected a sound *White Oak*, split it into three-foot boards, an inch thick, made a bench of one with legs about 6 inches long and one and a half inches square, made of the hearts of the boards. It is necessary to make but one bench; the other boards need have legs but at one end. The ditch is then cut as deep as necessary to reach the head of the springs, sloping the bottom, where it is some 8 inches wide. After it is cleaned nicely, but the bench in the lower end of the ditch, then lay the other boards, like covering a house, supporting one end on the bench; the other end is held up by the legs nailed to it—cover the spaces between the boards and walls of the ditch with any sound and durable material; draw in the earth and the work is done. I give the ditch as much descent as possible to hasten the transit of the water, directing it to some natural drain, or leading ditch.

How long this *wood-tile* will last, I do not know—mine has been laid down some five years, and I see no signs of decay. The dogs have damaged the outlet somewhat by digging after hares.

Land that was entirely unproductive before this operation, now yields its average share of corn and cotton. This mode of draining is specially adapted to hill side springs. By cutting a T ditch, one outlet will drain a dozen springs—the horizontal running with the hill, the outlet running from it to some natural drain or leading ditch.

Hill-side ditches occupy another and equally important place in agriculture, being intended to receive and carry off the excess of water, which accumulating in the rows, burst over, washing the land, and submerging with mud and water the lower grounds. I know of but one man within reach of me who has faithfully and therefore successfully used the hill-side ditch—A. K. FARRAR, Esq. of Adams county—and his cotton field of 1,000 acres, with its miles of intersecting hedges, and miles of neatly made and kept ditches, is a model of its kind. His experience in making both hedge and ditch, as also a statement of his plantation regimen would be of great practical utility to the readers of the Cultivator. I should be doing good service by this hasty communication, if I should succeed in "calling him out" by it.

AGRICOLA

Woodville, Miss., June 22, 1850.

An Over True Tale is the following, no doubt. It is related by a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Clipper:

About six months ago we noticed in the city a man apparently about forty years of age. His clothes were threadbare, and darned, and his hat was running fast to seed. In conversation he was remarkably pleasant, but, when alone, he looked as though his heart was breaking with trouble. He, however, never told his grief, and his few acquaintances were reluctant to ask him the occasion of it. We suddenly lost sight of the gentleman, and could obtain no information as to his whereabouts, until a week ago, when he was again to be seen in Washington, on business. He now looked cheerful, was dressed in the latest style, and sported a gold watch and cable chain, and even had his hair and whiskers died, to hide the silver-tell tales. He had turned back the wheels of the car of time at least ten years. The poor fellow was in love at the former time and an office-seeker; now, he is a happy married man and a Government official. Something to put into the pot, and a lady to superintend the boiling, imparts, as those who have experience say, an ineffable zest to human existence.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.—Mr. Stephenson, the eminent engineer and architect, who has lately become so celebrated on account of his great success in connecting the Isle of Anglesey with Wales by means of tubular bridges, which are justly regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of modern skill, ascribes his success to Divine Providence. When the last stone of the principal tower was laid, to the party who had assembled to offer their congratulations, Mr. Stephenson said:

"Let not others, any more than myself, and all who have been connected with this great work, forget that, whatever may have been or whatever may be the ability, science, intelligence, and zeal brought to bear on the creature's works, it is to the Creator we should offer praise and thanksgiving, for without his blessing on our works, how can we expect them to prosper. He fully believed that Providence had been pleased to smile on their undertaking, and he hoped they all with him, would endeavor to obtain those smiles."

## CALIFORNIA AND SLAVERY.

It has for the last twelve months become a fixed fact, that California is adapted to slavery. And no reasonable man can doubt that had it not been for the "silent and passive jurisdiction" exercised by the Government over the territory, spoken of in the resolutions of our Legislature; and for the wicked machinations of the abolitionists, tens of thousands of slaves would now be in that country.

This consideration, alone, apart from the higher one of principle, should impel the South to renewed resolves, never to consent to the admission of California with her present so-called constitution which was conceived in fraud and brought forth in iniquity.

But we have heard even Southern men affirm that if California is to be admitted with her anti-slavery Constitution at all, they would prefer that she should come in with her present boundaries, on the ground that one anti-slavery State is preferable to two or more. But they should bear in mind, that soon all of that territory would be populated under the anti-slavery constitution, and would then be divided into States of reasonable dimensions. But if on the contrary, the territory be now divided as proposed by Southern members of Congress, it is almost certain that the Southern region will be a slave-holding country.

The following important developments with reference to this matter, are made by a reliable correspondent of the New York Herald. He is:

"Informed by a distinguished member of the State Senate of California, that there are several thousand slaves in that country, chiefly below 36 30; that one person estimates the number of slaves in the country at from three to five thousand. One gentleman from Arkansas, has eighty slaves engaged in the southern mines; others have been named to us as having their slaves in the diggings, taken out by the Gila route from Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana, and other Southern States. The abolition of the system of peonage has thrown out of the possession of many large landholders and cattle raisers hundreds of peons. Under this state of things, some of these stockraisers are already providing to supply the loss of their peons with negro slaves. The abolition of peonage will also account for the meetings which have been held in southern California, for a separate territorial government."

But more than this. We understand that the California Legislature having adjourned, the members from Southern counties have gone home with the intention of getting up a convention for the division of the State, and the establishment, in the Southern part of said State, of a separate territory, and a separate territorial government."

We also make the following extract from an editorial in a late Richmond Enquirer, which throws additional light on the subject. Let it be read and pondered. If the South be true to herself, she will yet obtain a foothold on the Pacific:

"Last week a gentleman of high character from one of the lower counties of Virginia informed us that he had received a letter from his nephew, now in California South of 30 deg. 30 min., stating, that from the gatherings of the people and other reliable sources, he entertained no doubt that large majority of the people of that portion of California were in favor of slave labor, and against being overthrown in their wishes by the anti-slavery Constitution, which was made to cover the whole country."

[Yazoo Democrat.]

## EQUIPMENT OF A CAMANCHE WARRIOR.

Capt. Merchant, of the army, just arrived at Savannah, presented to the editor of the Georgian, a shield and quiver of arrows—such as are used by the celebrated Camanche Indians. They may be seen on the round table of his reading room. The shield is made of tough hide, circular, and is probably twenty inches in diameter. It is attached by thongs to the left arm. The arrows may be 26 or 27 inches long. They are beautifully feathered and barbed.

We are informed by Capt. M., says the Georgian, that within forty yards these missiles are as sure and fatal as a rifle bullet and if anything more so, as they are always poisoned for warfare. An officer of the army in Texas was lately killed by these arrows. The Camanches launch them with great rapidity and accuracy, as fast as they can be withdrawn from the quivers. It is a well attested fact that the yell sent them through a buffalo of moderate size. Not more than one-fourth of the Camanche warriors are yet armed with rifles.

Jenny Lind is the heading to a very amusing parody on Campbell's famous ode on the battle of Hohenlinden, which we find in a Boston paper:

"On Lind, when Barnum's sun was low,  
And bootless was the Mermaid's show,  
The leeches counted for a flow  
Of rhino to his treasury.

And Jenny Lind whose ready sight,  
Saw Barnum in his golden light,  
Said, for a 'thousand' every night,  
She'd sing to all Ameriky."

Wherever we see a vote taken, or a demonstration made as to aiding public improvements it is always cheering. In St. Louis a vote was ordered to be polled as to whether the County Court should subscribe \$100,000, as stock in the Pacific Rail Road. The vote stood 4,248 in favor of subscribing, and 469 against it.—*Vicksburg Whig.*

## A TRUE STORY.

While on a visit to the North in the year 1841. I was invited to a party one evening in a country town, a place celebrated for making boots and shoes, near the city of Boston. During the evening the old man and wife, and some ten or fifteen others, got seated in one corner of the room, and I among the rest. After hearing a number of good stories told, I was called upon for one, when I begged to be excused, not being in the habit of telling stories. "Well," said the old man, "can't you tell something about New Orleans, and how the people there make money so fast and get rich?"

"Why," said I, "if that is all you want to know, I can tell you very soon. Now, for instance, suppose you go out to New Orleans with a stock of boots and shoes amounting to some thirty thousand dollars, and I am already there with the same amount; you open your stock and set up trade next door to me: the store is so constructed that only a board partition divides our two stocks of goods. Well, the Yellow Fever sets in, and you die; whilst they are burying you, I hire a carpenter to come to my store and take down the board partition as quick as possible; you see, now, that the store is all one, and the stock in trade is all mine! If any of your friends should by chance call on me to know if I knew any thing about your effects, I would promptly answer in the negative, and state that you were only visiting there when alive!"

"I have heard of this before," said another, "but I don't think it is a very good way to get rich." "By jings," said I, "I'm going to try my luck there next fall." "But," said a third, "there is one other way to get rich—by getting up very early in the morning, which the Yankees out there are very apt to do. The mercantile houses that are doing business on a large scale receive a great deal of gold in kegs, and in the hurry of business, while rolling them into the store, some of the doubloons often roll out of the keg either on the floor or side-walk; the clerk catches them up early in the morning. 'Oh, golly!' said a Yankee, jumping up from his chair and running his hands into his breeches pockets, 'Let's go and get a mug of Flip!'"

SPEAKER.

Those who doubt the ability of the South to manufacture her cotton, read the following:

*Bearding the Lion in his Den.*—The Boston Traveler notices as a fact that cotton goods made by the Tuscaloosa Manufacturing Company of Scottsville, Alabama, are now sold in the Boston market. This is a sign of the times not without its interest. It denotes that cotton spinning has already been brought to such perfection at the South, that she can compete with the manufactures of the East for the supply of their own especial markets. At present the remark doubtless applies to only the coarser descriptions of merchandize. But all experience has proved that where success has attended the manufacture of these, that of the finer fabrics was sure to follow in due season.

In noticing the establishment of a new factory in Georgia, some time since, the Augusta Chronicle took the occasion to remark that the day was not far distant when that State would be able to spin every bag of cotton raised within its limits. To do so, it said, would require only eight or ten times as many spindles as are now in operation in the State.

NOT PARTICULAR.—An Irishman was requested by a lady, notorious for her parsimonious niggard habits, to do some handy work. The job was performed to her complete satisfaction. "Pat," says the old miser, "I must treat you."

"God bless yer honor, mam," said Pat.

"Which would ye prefer, a glass of porter or a tumbler of punch?"

"I don't wish to be troublesome, ma'am," said the Hibernian, turning round and winking at the thin-ribbed butler, "but I'll take the one while you're making the other."

Two Dutchmen travelling, took up camp together at night. Being much wearied by their day's march they soon fell asleep. After they had slept some time, one of them was awakened by a thunder storm. He got up much affrighted and called his companion to him, as the day of judgment had come. "Lie down you fool," said the other, "do you think as how the day of judgment would come in the night?"

How to ENLARGE VEGETABLES.—A vast increase of food may be obtained by managing judiciously, systematically carrying out for a time the principle of increase. Take for instance a pea. Plant it in very rich ground. Allow it to bear the first year, say half a dozen pods. Remove all others. Save the largest single pea of these. Sow it in the next year, and retain of the product three pods only. Sow the largest one of the following year, and retain one pod. Again select the largest, and the next year the pod will by this time have trebled its size and weight. Ever afterwards sow the largest seed. By these means you will get peas, (or any thing else) of a bulk of which we at present have no conception.

## CHARITY.

Night kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. Stars shone, and pure dew drops hung upon its blushing bosom, and watched its sweet slumbers. Morning came with its dancing breezes and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence. Then came the ardent sun-god, sweeping from the east, and he smote the young rose with his scorching rays, and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart broken, it drooped to the dust, in its loneliness and despair. Now the gentle breeze, which had been gambolling over the sea, pushing over hill and dale—by the neat cottage and still brook—turning the old mill, fanning the brow of disease, and frisking the curls of innocent childhood—came tripping on errands of mercy and love; and when she saw the young rose she hastened to kiss it, and fondly bathed its forehead in cool, refreshing showers, and the young rose revived, and looked up and smiled in gratitude to the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away; her generous task was performed, yet not without reward; for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured on her wings by the grateful rose, and the kind breeze was glad in heart, and went away singing through the trees. Thus true Charity, like the breeze, gathers fragrance from the drooping flowers it refreshes, and unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its offices of kindness, which steals into the heart like rich perfume to bless and to cheer.

INFLUENCE OF ASSOCIATION.—I remember once seeing an advertisement in the papers, with which I was struck, and which I will take the liberty of reading: "Lost, in the Temple Coffee-house, and supposed to be taken away by mistake, an oaken stick, which has supported its master not only over the greatest part of Europe, but has been his companion in his journeys over the inhospitable deserts of Africa; whoever will restore it to the writer will confer a very serious obligation on the advertiser; or, if that be any object, shall receive a recompense very much above the value of the article restored." Now here is a man who buys a six-penny stick, because it is useful; and, totally forgetting the trifling causes which first made him stick of any consequence, speaks of it with warmth and affection; calls it his companion, and would hardly have changed it, perhaps, for the gold stick which is carried before the king. But the best and strongest example of this, and of the customary progress of association, is in the passion of avarice. A child only loves a guinea because it shines; and, as it is equally splendid, he loves a gilt button as well. In after life he begins to love wealth, because it affords him the comforts of existence; and then loves it so well, that he denies himself the common comforts of existence to increase it. The uniting idea is so totally forgotten, that it is completely sacrificed to the idea which it unites. Two friends unite against the person to whose introduction they are indebted for their knowledge of each other, exclude him from their society, and ruin him by their combination.

A military officer being at sea, in a dreadful storm, his lady who was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out—

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible that you can be so calm in such a storm?"

He arose from his chair lashed to the deck, and supporting himself by a pillar of a bed place, he drew his sword, and pointing it to the breast of his wife, he exclaimed—

"Are you not afraid?"

"No, certainly not," she replied.

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined his lady, "I know the sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember, I know in whom I have believed, and he holds the wind in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand."

CURIOUS FACTS.—It is a singular fact, that within a space of a little over nine years there have been six Presidents of the United States: Van Buren, March 3d, 1841; Harrison, from March 4th to April 4th 1841, Tyler, from April 4th, 1841, to March 4th, 1845; Polk, from March 4th, 1845, to March 4th, 1849; Taylor, from March 4th, 1849, to July 9th, 1850; and on the 10th of July, 1850, Millard Fillmore succeeded to the office. Previous to that time there have been but eight occupants of the office during a period of fifty-two years.